

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

SARTORIAL SNOBBERY.

That elusive individual to whom the New York tailors owe a large debt of gratitude—which may be more than balanced by the amount he owes the tailors—has tendered the public another profound statement. He says that a man "who doesn't go out much" can dress decently on \$5,000 a year, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Observe the subtle malignity of that qualifying phrase. The man who goes out much, the fellow who romps through ruts and ditches and seas and al fresco twiddle-fests, must pay his tailor—no matter what he does for the piper. While the poor chap who is hampered by a meagre \$5,000 will cut his pleasures carefully according to his cloth, being so closely menaced by that deadly line of decency. Just now this distinction will be regarded by the possessors of two coat hangers, with only one in active use, as easily be imagined. He will snuff at the smoke and snap his fingers at a code of decency that is based on 20 cents and countless trunks. Nevertheless, if you are ambitious to be of the patricians you must do as the patricians do—provided your income exceeds the pittance \$5,000—and it will be an exhibition of extremely bad form if you regard this sartorial declaration of the man who knows in any other case the most serious light.

There is beginning to be comment on the growing respectability of trade in Germany. This was when a man of title was believed to soil his hands by making money. The tradition can hardly be insisted on, however, when the kaiser himself has a business interest in the manufacture of terra cotta. From the old American standpoint it is much more honorable to get money in trade or industry than to acquire it by marriage; but it may be a long time before European aristocracy of any description sees the mercenary mariage problem in its true light.

Within the next three years the May states will export \$50,000,000 worth of rubber. This goes far toward putting the rubber plant on a plane with the tea plant as a source of revenue.

IS COURTS' CRITIC

GOV. HADLEY MAKES CENSORIOUS SPEECH BEFORE LABOR CONVENTION.

SAYS ROOSEVELT IS RIGHT

Upholds Ex-President's Denunciation of Judicial Bodies—Asserts Judges Render Biased Decisions Through Environments in Which They Live.

St. Louis.—In an address on Tuesday before the American Federation of Labor convention, which is in session in this city, Governor Hadley of Missouri strongly upheld Theodore Roosevelt's denunciation of the courts. He said that Roosevelt was right. "I believe and every honest man believes," said he, "that there should be just criticism of any public official, whether judge or any other official." This sentiment aroused the greatest enthusiasm in the convention. Roosevelt was right when he denounced the courts, because they are governed by their environment. The great trouble with the judges, they live within their own environment, and their decisions are made accordingly," said Governor Hadley. "It might be a narrow environment; it might be a large environment; and us lawyers know why they make a decision."

"I believe in an employer's liability that does not take into consideration the fellow servant or the assumption of risk. I am prepared to appoint a commission of labor, lawyers and citizens to draw up a compensation act and I will do all I can to have the legislature pass it. That will mean not a proposition involving delay, but something which will hasten relief for those who suffer injury. I do not see why the judiciary should not have the correctness of their reasoning subjected to criticism."

Legislature and court made law both are only the expression of the people of the time and a decision which may be just at one time may be quite impossible at a later date. Governor Hadley then referred to his fight with the Standard Oil company. "When I attacked the Standard Oil company four years ago it was protected by a rule of law that it could not be required to produce books and papers that might result in the conviction and fining of the company and that a corporation had the same rights as an individual."

ROBIN J. COOPER IS FREED

Alleged Slayer of Senator Carmack Acquitted on the Advice of Attorney General.

Nashville, Tenn.—Robin J. Cooper, charged with the murder of Senator Edward Ward Carmack November 8, 1908, was Tuesday acquitted in the criminal court on recommendation of Attorney General A. B. Anderson. Thus was brought to a close the final chapter in one of the most celebrated cases in the court annals of Tennessee.

There was complete silence as Attorney General Anderson arose to address the court.

"Your honor is probably familiar with this case," he said. "This defendant, his father, Col. Duncan B. Cooper, and John Sharp were indicted jointly for the murder of Senator Carmack."

The case came up for trial and resulted in the acquittal of Sharp. Col. Cooper and this defendant were found guilty of murder in the first degree. The supreme court affirmed the case of Colonel Cooper, but as to this defendant there was a reversal."

Judge A. B. Neil then stated to the jury that, in view of the statement of the attorney general, the sworn officer of the state, and in view of the further fact that there is no further effort made to prosecute the case, the jury would return a verdict of not guilty, which was accordingly done.

TAFT REPLIES TO PINCHOT

President Gives Ex-Forsterer Permission to File Briefs in Connection With Alaska Claims.

Washington.—President Taft, responding to the request of Gifford Pinchot, former forester of the United States, and his brother, Amos Pinchot, for permission to submit a brief on the question of issuing patents in the Cunningham Alaskan coal land claims, has informed Mr. Pinchot that he may submit such a brief and advised him to send it to the executive office before December 1.

Mr. Pinchot is thus informed in a letter authorized by President Taft and written by the secretary to the president, Charles D. Norton, which was made public Tuesday. The letter is in reply to a recent communication to the president from Mr. Pinchot and his brother, expressing fear that the interior department will recommend the patenting of the Cunningham claims.

\$4,000,000 for Missions.

New York.—Members of the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States will give \$4,000,000 for missions during the year 1911, if they meet the expectations of the committee of bishops who have been in session here for the past week.

Consul at Tenerife Dies.

Washington.—Solomon Berliner, for eleven years United States consul at Tenerife, Canary Islands, died here Tuesday. Berliner was well known in New York city politics.

The latest didn't-know-it-was-loaded operator was thoughtful enough to put the muzzle of the gun in his own mouth.

It is reported that 200,000 horses a year are eaten in Paris. Cultured she may be, but Paris certainly isn't fastidious.

Any prudent deer hunter should refuse to take his best friends into the woods with him.

New York Chinese are going to abolish the Joss house. New York Americans might reform the lobster palace.

"Why do widows marry?" asks an eastern exchange. Oh, fudge! Why does rain fall down instead of up?

There is nothing artificial about the flight of the aeroplane.

The lost art of raining has been found again.

YOUNG FOR DOLLIVER'S SEAT

DES MOINES EDITOR APPOINTED U. S. SENATOR.

WILL Serve Until Next Legislature Meets in January—Has Reputation As Orator.

Des Moines, Ia.—Lafayette Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, has been appointed as United States senator for the unexpired term of the late Jonathan P. Dolliver by Governor Carroll.

Senator Young will serve until the next legislature meets, on January 1.

It will be the duty of that legislature to elect a senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Dolliver, which ends in 1913.

Mr. Young was born in Iowa in 1852. Most of his life he has devoted to the newspaper profession.

He politics Mr. Young has vigorously supported the administration of President Taft. He has been a staunch supporter of Governor Carroll.

The new senator has a national reputation as an orator. In 1900, at the Philadelphia Republican convention, he nominated Theodore Roosevelt for vice-president. He has been twice delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention from Iowa, and he accompanied President Taft on his trip to the Philippines.

Carl F. Franke of Parkersburg, W. Va., who for two years has been chairman of the Republican state central committee, issued a formal announcement of his candidacy for the position of United States senator, to succeed the late J. P. Dolliver. Mr. Franke is the first man in the state to formally announce his candidacy.

FLIES FROM SHIP TO LAND

Aviator Ely Makes Successful Flight From Deck of War Vessel at Sea.

Norfolk, Va.—Eugene Ely flew from the deck of the U. S. scout cruiser Birmingham to land Monday, marking a new epoch in the progress of aeronautics, for his was the first flight attempted from a ship at sea.

Ely's trip nearly ended in disaster, however, for when his machine cleared the cruiser's deck it dipped so that one wing struck the water. The shock broke a propeller blade, but Ely succeeded in getting clear and continued his flight.

The crippled condition of his biplane made a long trip impossible and the aviator headed for the nearest point of land, Willoughby Spit, a narrow, sandy point reaching out into Chesapeake bay. He alighted on the beach only a few feet above the water line.

Ely started his daring attempt when the Birmingham was in Chesapeake Bay about twelve miles from the Norfolk navy yard, which was his objective point.

MANY RIOTERS SHOT DOWN

Nicaragua Troops Kill or Wound 75 Liberals Holding Forbidden Political Meeting.

San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua.—More than 75 persons were killed or wounded in a street battle between the government troops and the Liberals at Leon Monday.

The Liberals, disregarding the government's orders prohibiting their holding public meeting on the streets gathered in a park and their leaders began delivering speeches against the government.

The case came up for trial and resulted in the acquittal of Sharp. Col. Cooper and this defendant were found guilty of murder in the first degree. The supreme court affirmed the case of Colonel Cooper, but as to this defendant there was a reversal."

Mr. Berger will submit a resolution, endorsed by the Wisconsin Federation of Labor, requiring that all unions affiliate with the state organizations. At present such action is optional with the locals, which naturally saps the strength of the state associations and weakens the power of the organizations to cope with the big issues of labor.

Colon, Panama.—President Taft reached Colon aboard the cruiser Tennessee, conveyed by the cruiser Montana, Monday morning.

Lieutenant Colonel Goethals and the others of the receiving party were waiting on the tug Cristobal, which approached the Tennessee as soon as the latter hove in sight.

When the president's vessel reached her anchorage the tug drew alongside and the receiving party went aboard and welcomed the president. Mr. Taft and his party boarded the tug and came aboard. As the president left the Tennessee a salute was fired.

President Taft plans to be here four days. The visit is one of business, and it is expected his time will be well occupied with issues involved in the construction of the Panama canal.

The president did not delay here long. Shortly after his arrival he boarded a train for Culebra, the site of the big Culebra cut.

A special train had been prepared for the president. He was accompanied to Culebra by Lieutenant Colonel Goethals and the other members of the canal commission.

Hillboro, Ill.—Five miners were killed and 18 were injured in an explosion in the Sheep Creek Coal company's mine at Panorama, a mining town in the southern part of Montgomery county Friday.

Fifty men who were working in the section of the mine in which the explosion occurred were rescued, according to the mine manager. Altogether, 350 men were underground at the time, but 300 of them were in no danger.

The cause of the explosion is not known. The dead and injured were burned by the flames of the explosion.

G. A. Murray, chief clerk in the mine offices, denied the report that 50 men still were in the mine. Owing to the mutilation of the bodies, the dead have not been identified.

TRAIN HITS CAR; SIX DEAD

Michigan Central Express Crashes Into Heavily Loaded Street Coach at a Kalamazoo Crossing.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Six persons were killed Saturday night when the Michigan Central express struck a Main street car. Twenty-six other persons were injured, some fatally.

Three bodies were removed from the pilot of the freight engine as had-y-mutilated that recognition is impossible.

The names of the known dead are: Frank Abbott, James Breece, Hazel Hart, Miss Bertha Hensler, Harry Holt and William Shaffer.

All of the dead and injured with one exception lived in Kalamazoo and were passengers on the street car.

Convict Stabs Officials.

Concord, N. H.—Armed with a knife which he had wrested from a trooper of the cavalry, the convict in the state prison here, Friday attacked two prison officials, wounding one probably fatally and the other slightly.

The victim are Deputy Warden Frank R. Bailey, whose condition is critical, and Dr. Ralph E. Gallinger,

\$4,000,000 for Missions.

New York.—Thrown into a bonfire by a playmate Monday after his clothes had been saturated with kerosene, Piero Banario, twelve years old, is at the point of death in a New York hospital. Philip Seckler, fifteen years old, is under arrest.

Paul Heyse Wins Nobel Prize.

Stockholm, Sweden.—The Nobel prize committee Monday awarded the prize for literature for 1910 to Paul Johann Ludwig Heyse, the German poet and novelist.

Saginaw Publisher Is Dead.

Saginaw, Mich.—Charles H. Peters, sixty-two years old, publisher and founder of the Saginaw Evening News, dropped dead of apoplexy Saturday. He was one of the youngest drummer boys in the Union war.

James F. Hunnewell Is Dead.

Boston.—The death of James F. Hunnewell, the author, was announced Sunday. Mr. Hunnewell was born in Charlestown in 1830. He wrote many books, largely of a historic nature.

4,000 Quit Express Strike.

New York.—Four thousand striking expressmen went back to work Monday wearing union buttons conspicuously. Slowly the great congestion of express packages was relieved.

Any prudent deer hunter should refuse to take his best friends into the woods with him.

Blow to Women in Arizona.

Phoenix, Ariz.—Woman's suffrage received a blow when the constitutional convention Friday defeated the proposal to submit the question to a referendum vote.

Second Posse After Outlaw.

Kansas City, Mo.—John Noble, who has intruded himself in the mountains to resist arrest for murder, will have a still larger army to face, a second posse of fearless men started Friday to get him, dead or alive.

New York Chinese are going to abolish the Joss house. New York Americans might reform the lobster palace.

"Why do widows marry?" asks an eastern exchange. Oh, fudge! Why does rain fall down instead of up?

There is nothing artificial about the flight of the aeroplane.

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WISCONSIN IDEA AT FEDERATION MEET

State Delegates to Be Prominent at St. Louis.

ONLY HOPE OF THE WORKMAN

Favor Placing Organizers in Every City of 350,000 and Over and Compulsory Affiliation of Various Branches.

Madison.—Wisconsin's delegation to the annual meeting of the American Federation of Labor convention, consisting of Victor L. Berger, Frank J. Weber, William Schubert and James Hanley, left for St. Louis.

If the plans of the Milwaukee delegates do not miscarry Wisconsin will be heard from soon in national labor circles. Here are some of the things which will be proposed by the Badger delegates:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Proclamation by the Governor. The labors of the husbandman have been blessed with abundance. The crops of our fields have been garnered, and we are assured of plenty and peace for the coming year. The general health of our people is good. Education is making progress as never before. Our homes are more numerous, our factories larger, our business increased over a year ago.

The brotherhood of man is coming nearer day by day. Labor and capital are appreciating daily more and more their mutual rights and obligations.

For these and other blessings we should acknowledge the goodness of Almighty God and invoke his aid in all our public and private undertakings.

Therefore, I, J. O. Davidson, governor of the state of Wisconsin, in accordance with the proclamation of the president of the United States of America, and by authority of law, designate:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I, J. O. Davidson, governor of the state of Wisconsin, do hereby proclaim that the people meet upon that day in their various places of worship and give praise and thanksgiving to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the manifestations of his loving kindness toward us.

Establishment of American federation to be of the workman.

Compulsory affiliation of individuals with the state federations of labor.

Adoption of the "Wisconsin Idea" by the national federation.

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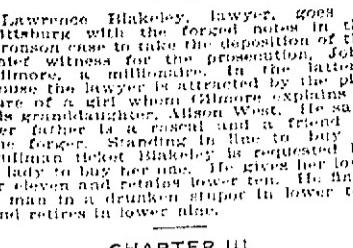
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The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCUS, STAR CASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER
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SYNOPSIS.



CHAPTER III.

Across the Aisle.

No solution offering itself, I went back to my berth. The snorer across had apparently strangled, or turned over, and so after a time I dropped asleep, to be awakened by the morning sunlight across my face.

I felt for my watch, yawning prodigiously. I reached under the pillow and failed to find it, but something scratched the back of my hand. I sat up irritably and nursed the wound, which was bleeding a little. Still drowsy, I felt more cautiously for what I supposed had been my scarf pin, but there was nothing there. Wide awake now, I reached for my traveling bag, on the chance that I had put my watch in there. I had drawn the satchel to me and had my hand on the lock before I realized that it was not my own!

Mine was an alligator hide. I had killed the beast in Florida, after the expenditure of enough money to have bought a house and enough energy to have built one. The bag I held in my hand was a black one, sunken-in, think. The staggering thought of what the loss of my bag meant to me put my finger on the bell and kept it there until the porter came.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked, poking his head through the curtains subsequently. McKnight objects that nobody can poke his head through a curtain and be obsequious. But Pullman porters can do.

"No," I snapped. "It rang itself. What in thunder do you mean by exchanging my visto for this one? You'll have to find it if you walked the entire car to do it. There are important papers in that grip."

"Porter," called a feminine voice from an upper berth near by. "Porter, am I to argue here all day?"

"Let her dangle," I said savagely.

The porter frowned. Then he looked at me with injured dignity. "I brought in your overcoat, sir. You carried your own valise."

The fellow was right! In an excess of caution I had refused to relinquish my alligator bag, and had turned over my other traps to the porter. It was clear enough then, I was surely a victim of the usual sleeping-car robbery. I was in a lather of perspiration by that time: The lady down the car was still dangling and talking about it; still nearer a feminine voice was giving quick orders in French, presumably to a maid. The porter was on his knees, looking under the berth.

"Not there, sir," he said, dusting his knees. He was visibly more cheerful, having been absolved of responsibility. "Reckon it was taken while you was wandering around the car last night."

"I'll give you \$50 if you find it," I said. "A hundred. Reach up my shoes and I'll—"

I stopped abruptly. My eyes were fixed in stupefied amazement on a coat that hung from a hook at the foot of my berth. From the coat they traveled, dazed, to the soft-bosomed skirt beside it, and from there to the collar and cravat in the net hammock across the windows.

"A hundred!" the porter repeated, showing his teeth. But I caught him by the arm and pointed to the foot of the berth.

"What—what color's that coat?" I asked unsteadily.

"Gray, sir." His tone was one of gentle reproof.

"And—those trousers?"

He reached over and held up one creased leg. "Gray, too," he grinned.

"Gray! I could not believe even his corroborations of my own eyes. "But my clothes were blue!" The porter was amused; he divered under the curtains and brought up a pair of shoes.

"Your shoes, sir," he said with a flourish. "Reckon you've been dreaming, sir."

Now, there were two things I always avoid in my dress—possibly an idiosyncrasy of my bachelor existence. These tabooed articles are red neckties and tan shoes. And not only were the shoes the porter lifted from the floor of a gorgeous shade of yellow, but the scarf which was run through the turned-over collar was a gaudy red. It took a full minute for the real import of things to penetrate my dazed intelligence. Then I gave a vindictive kick at the offending ensemble.

"They're not mine, any of them," I snarled. "They are some other fellow's. I'll sit here until I take root before I put them on."

"They're nice lookin' clothes," the porter put in, eying the red with appreciation. "Ain't everybody would have lost you anything."

"Call the conductor," I said shortly. Then a possible explanation occurred to me. "Oh, porter—what's the number of this berth?"

"Seven, sir. If you can't wear those shoes—"

"Seven!" In my relief I almost shouted it. "Why, then it's simple enough. I'm in the wrong berth that's all. My berth is nine. Only—where the deuce is the man who belongs here?"

"Likely in nine, sir." The darky was enjoying himself. "You and the other gentleman just got mixed in the

train and started down to where the train impacted to the body a grisly suggestion of motion. "Good Lord!" I gasped, "the man's been murdered!"

CHAPTER IV.

Numbers Seven and Nine.

Afterward, when I tried to recall our discovery of the body in lower ten, I found that my most vivid impression was not that made by the revelation of the opened curtain. I had an instantaneous picture of a slender blue-gowned girl who seemed to sense my words rather than hear them, of two small hands that clutched desperately at the seat beside them. The girl in the aisle stood, bent toward us, perplexity and alarm fighting in her face.

With twitching hands the porter attempted to draw the curtains together. Then in a paroxysm of shock he collapsed on the edge of my berth and sat there swaying. In my excitement I shook him.

"For heaven's sake, keep your nerve, man!" I said brusquely. "You'll have every woman in the car hysterics. And if you do, you'll wish you could change places with the man in there." He rolled his eyes.

A man near, who had been reading last night's paper, dropped it quickly and tipped it toward us. He peered between the partly open curtains, closed them quickly and went back, ostentatiously solemn, to his seat. The very crackle with which he opened his paper added to the bursting curiosity of the car. For the passengers knew that something was amiss: I was conscious of a sudden tension.

With the curtains closed the porter was more himself; he wiped his lips with a handkerchief and stood erect.

"No, it is not suicide," he announced decisively. "It is murder."

Of course, I had expected that, but the word itself brought a shiver. I was just a bit dizzy. Curious faces through the car were turned toward us, and I could hear the porter behind me breathing audibly. A stout woman in negligee came down the aisle and gingerly confronted the porter. She wore a pink dressing-jacket and carried portions of her clothing.

"Porter," she began, in the voice of the lady who had "dangled," "is there a rule of this company that will allow a woman to occupy the dressing-room for one hour and curl her hair with an alcohol lamp while respectable people haven't a place where they can hook their—"

At that moment a thin man with prominent eyes and a spare grayish goatee creaked up the aisle and paused beside me.

"Porter sick?" he inquired, taking in with a professional eye the porter's



AN EQUATORIAL STAR FINDER

Simple Instrument by the Use of Which the Amateur can Locate the Various Constellations.

Boston.—It is always difficult for the novice to locate a constellation or a star by reference to a star map, this being due largely to the fact that certain stars which are of but slightly greater magnitude than others are much more prominent relatively to the star map. The star map is merely a diagrammatical representation instead of an actual picture of the heavens. Another difficulty which besets the amateur is the fact that a star map shows the spherical surface of the heavens on a plane surface, and conse-

quently the vision of the woman with the bronze hair and the tragic face, whom I had surprised, in the vestibule between the cars, somewhere in the small hours of the morning. I had acted on my first impulse—the masculine one of shielding a woman.

The doctor had unfastened the coat of the striped pajama and exposed the dead man's chest. On the left side was a small punctured wound of insignificant size.

"Very neatly done," the doctor said with an appreciation. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Right through the intercostal space; no time even to groan."

"Isn't the heart around there somewhere?" I asked. The medical man turned toward me and smiled austere.

"That's where it belongs, just under that puncture, when it isn't gadding around in a man's throat or his boots."

I had a new respect for the doctor, for any man indeed who could crack even a feeble joke under such circumstances, or who could turn an impersonal finger over that wound and those stains. Odd how a healthy, normal man holds the medical profession in half-contemptuous regard until he gets sick, or an emergency like this arises, and then turns meekly to the man who knows the ins and outs of his mortal tenement, takes his pills or his patronage, ties to him like a rudderless ship in a gale.

"Suicide, is it, doctor?" I asked.

He stood erect, after drawing the blinds closed over the face, and, taking off his glasses, he wiped them slowly.

"No, it is not suicide," he announced decisively. "It is murder."

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"Porter sick?" he inquired, taking in with a professional eye the porter's

face.

"Do it yourself," the conductor queried after a business-like glance at the body.

"No, he didn't," the doctor asserted.

"There's no weapon here, and the window is closed. He couldn't have thrown it out, and he didn't swallow it. What on earth are you looking for, man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEAT SCHEME OF REVENGE

Will Made by Maled Lady Will Cause Her to Be Long If Not Gratefully Remembered.

An extraordinary will has been left by an elderly unmarried lady who recently died in Vienna. Her property, amounting to about \$250,000, is apportioned to be divided between her three nephews, now aged 24, 27 and 29, and her three nieces, aged 19, 21 and 22, in equal parts on the following conditions:

The six nephews and nieces must all live in the house formerly inhabited by their aunt, with the executor, a lawyer, whose business it will be to see that the conditions of the will are strictly observed. None of the nephews is to marry before reaching his fortieth year, nor the nieces before their thirtieth, under the penalty that the share of the one so marrying will be divided among the others.

Further, the six legatees are admonished never to quarrel among themselves. If one should do so persistently the executor is empowered to turn him or her out of the house and divide the share as in the case of marriage.

The executor is himself forbidden to marry or to reside elsewhere than in the house with the legatees as long as he holds his office, to which a handsome remuneration is attached.

The old maid is said to have made this peculiar will because her nephews and nieces continually worried her during her life by asking her to give them money to enable them to marry.

Dr. Macfarlan's find is not more than two feet tall.

The figure itself is not remarkable.

It represents the scribe in a conventional sitting posture, the outstretched hands with their tapering fingers and the stiff studious headdress seen at first glance to be the only distinctive Egyptian features. The power and fascination lie all in the face, which could only have been dreamed by a master mind and carved by a master mind.

"Yes," I answered for the porter. "We've both had one. If you are a doctor, I wish you would look at the man in the berth across, lower ten. I'm afraid it's too late, but I'm not experienced in such matters."

Together we opened the curtains, and the doctor, bending down, gave a comprehensive glance that took in the relaxed head, the ugly stain on the sheet. The examination needed only a moment. Death was written in the clear white of the nostrils, the colorless lips, the smooth, pale skin of the sinister lines of the night before. With its new dignity, the face was not unattractive; the features were strong and well cut.

The stage was set. In a moment the curtain was going up on the first act of the play. And for a while we would all say our little speeches and sing our little songs, and I, the violinist, would hold center stage while the piano blazed.

The porter was standing beside lower ten. He had reached in and was looking gallantly. But his efforts met with no response; he winked at me over his shoulder; then he unfastened the curtains and bent forward.

The doctor straightened himself and turned to me. "Dead for some time," he said, running a professional finger over the stains. "These are dry and darkened, you see, and rigor mortis is well established. A friend of yours?"

"I don't know him at all," I replied.

"Never saw him but once before."

"Then you don't know if he's alive or not?"

"No, he was not—that is, I don't know anything about him." I corrected myself. "It was my first blind date, the doctor glanced up at me quickly, and then turned his attention again to the body. Like a flash there had come

the realization that he was dead.

USE REDNOSE WHISKY.

And it was here that a teetotaler saw his opportunity for a short but vivid sermon. A few weeks later the front of his night clothes had turned red, and trailed across the sheet: his hair was red, and his eyes were fixed, without seeing, on the shining wood above.

I grasped the porter's shaking shoul-

ders.

"Seven, sir. If you can't wear those shoes—"

"They're nice lookin' clothes," the porter put in, eying the red with appreciation. "Ain't everybody would have lost you anything."

"Call the conductor," I said shortly. Then a possible explanation occurred to me. "Oh, porter—what's the number of this berth?"

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Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Nov. 23, 1910

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months.....75

Advertising Rates.—For display matter a flat rate of 10 cents a inch is charged. The column in The Tribune is 24 inches long, making a one column advertisement cost \$2.40 for one insertion. All local notices, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all notices of entertainments where an admission fee is charged will be published at 5 cents per line.

KELLNER.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goldberg of your city spent Sunday at the Henry Plummer home.

The G. and N. W. R. R. officials were in our bark last week and transferred some of their implements to the main line.

Last Thursday there was quite an excitement in the south end of our town. It certainly is queer when one brother will whip the other so as to break and crack bones.

Mrs. A. Krusche was on the sick list last week but is better at this writing.

Our old blacksmith, Mr. Winger, is back again and is ready to do all kinds of repairing, soldering and horseshoeing. Never slip shoes and collars can also be had from him.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Plummer had their infant son baptized last Sunday and now goes by the name of Lawrence.

W. J. Geaner and family left on Saturday for Packwaukee where he will take charge of a lumber yard.

Leo Birdell and wife moved to Beaver Dam last Wednesday. Their many friends here wish them much luck in their future home.

Fred Grey and family will spend Thanksgiving at Princeton.

There will be a special service at the Luthern church this Thursday with a special offering for the mission.

Mr. Winger is boarding with the Ed. Johnson family.

Mrs. Chas. Turkin spent Sunday with friends and relatives in your city.

Miss Ida Juecks of Merrill is spending a few days with her folks.

Miss Minerva Gash of your city is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Aug. Bass.

Kenneth Labell returned to his home at Marshfield after spending the summer with his uncle, Frank Gulliger.

The old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 30 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by all dealers.

Hexamethylbenzene. German chemical, one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylbenzene is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and anti-septic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy promptly at the first sign of kidney trouble and avoid a serious remedy. Johnson & Hill Co. and J. E. Daly.

SARATOGA

Evelyn Anderson went to Chicago for a month's visit with relatives.

Robert Morris and Miss McDormid visited our school last Tuesday.

Lars Anderson of Iola spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Kuiteson.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hansen went to Almond Friday and from thence they will go to Belmont and Waupaca for a visit before returning home.

Ole Kuiteson of Grand Rapids was in this vicinity Tuesday.

Mrs. Jake Peterson was on the sick list last week.

Roy Stevenson of Milwaukee arrived Saturday to be the guest of his cousin, Eunice Kuiteson for a few days.

Mrs. Nels Jeanson was on the sick list last week.

Mary Johnson is very low, the cause being old age.

The Ladies Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Erick Kuiteson last Thursday. There was a large attendance and all report a very pleasant afternoon.

Miss Marie Dooley departed for Grand Rapids where she will be employed.

Miss May Lorenz has gone to Grand Rapids to spend the winter.

NATURE TELLS YOU.

As Many a Grand Rapids Reader Knows Too Well.

—When the kidneys are sick, Nature tells you all about it.

The urine is nature's calendar.

In frequent or too frequent action; Any ordinary trouble tells of kidneyills.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidneyills.

Grand Rapids people testify to this.

Mrs. Edward Mahoney, 47 First St. N., Grand Rapids, Wis., says: "I had an extreme lameness across my back and this was accompanied by pains in my kidneys. Whenever I lifted or stooped, my condition was worse. My kidneys were inactive and dizzy and nervous spells were common. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I improved and before long this remedy restored my kidneys to a normal condition. I know that Doan's Kidney Pills can be depended upon to act just as represented."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A Household Medicine.

To be really valuable must show equally good results from each member of the family using it. Foley's Honey and Tar does just this. Whether for children or grown persons Foley's Honey and Tar is best and safest for all coughs and colds. John & Hill Co. and J. E. Daly.

Early History.

It is quite probable that few people living in the peaceful village of Mosineo know the origin of the town's name. Certainly few of the younger generation do. The village is very old, and Jos. Dessert, now living in Milwaukee, and Steve Poquette, still living in the village, are perhaps the only ones familiar with the very earliest scenes. Just when the first log shanty was built there, the date is not in a position to say, but it was in the late 30's or early 40's. All teams passing up and down the river had to go through there, it being a sort of a resting point, and a village sprung up. It was first known as Fall City, and later was changed to Mosineo. It was customary in an earlier day to give towns, rivers, etc., Indian names, and so when the early settlers got tired of Fall City and cast around for another name, they settled upon one which had preserved the memory of an Indian who once roamed this valley—Mosineo. Mosineo was a familiar figure to the early whites who settled in this territory. He was a giant in stature, quick to quarrel, and was a terror to both whites and Indians when he was full of liquor, which was frequently the case. Mosineo in his time, killed several of his own tribesmen, and made several attempts on the lives of whites. Still there was some honor in him, and it can be said that he never made a murderous attack without giving his intended victim a chance to defend himself.

He often visited the settlements for the purpose of boggling. One of these expeditions took him to what is now the city of Grand Rapids, and New Year's day, 1847, he spent among the villagers of that burg.

In some way or another he acquired a load of squirrel whisky and then, as his white brother did, does under similar influence, started out to look for trouble. A boy of the name of L. Ootey, still a resident of Wood county, had a few weeks previously arrived in the village. He was but fifteen years of age. Mosineo met this boy, and, grasping him by the coat sleeve, proceed to kiss him. After kissing him three times the Indian held up three fingers and said "Three—ten cents," meaning that he demanded ten cents each for the three kisses. Young Ootey did not take kindly to the osculatory act, insomuch as the Indian was suffering from a severe cold in the head, and had no handkerchief, and by a quick jerk he freed himself from Mosineo, but lost the latter in possession of a coat stove.

While Mosineo stoned to pick up his blanket, which had fallen off his shoulders, young Ootey made his escape, running to a nearby store. Frank Gavlepus, also under the influence of New Year's celebration, on learning what had occurred, picked up a rat-tan's grub stake, with the intention of going out and killing Mosineo, but friends took the grub stake away from him. Next night Mosineo was found lying by the roadside, half frozen, his head and face covered with ugly wounds, his nose broken and presenting a picketing appearance. He went to his tent and for three weeks was not seen. When he next appeared in Grand Rapids he wanted to see Gavlepus, but the latter had gone into a longing camp. Mosineo said, "Me kill 'em by and by." The Frenchman was informed of the Indian's threat and kept out of his way, but one day in the spring, while running lumber down the river, he ran right into the Indian. The latter had a gun on his shoulder, and the Frenchman was unarmed. There was no bucking up. Gavlepus bared his breast to shoot. Mosineo made a remark, which shifted him into plain English was that he would not shoot anyone who could not defend himself, and thus the incident closed.

It is said that he held half broods in contempt. Many of the early French married squaws, and their offspring to him was like a red shirt to a bull. He called them "burnt shirts."

It is said that he did not know the meaning of the word fear, and several incidents of his bravery have been related.

It is claimed that in hunting game he followed the same policy he did while hunting men—he never took advantage of bird or beast. If he saw a deer and the deer did not see him, he would make a noise to scare it and give it a chance for its life, before shooting. "The coward shoots with shut eyes" was a precept he never followed.

Mosineo and his followers made many excursions up the river, passing in the spring through Wausau to the maple forests north of here, for the purpose of making sugar. At times his tribe would pitch their tepees near this city along the river, and most every raftsmen on the river knew him.

He has been dead these many years, but his name has been preserved by the whites in the naming of the little village to our south, Wausau Pilot.

All My PIMPLES GONE.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Muriel Fleckan of Altamont, N.Y. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of acne and that was three years ago."

D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in acne and all other skin diseases, I dare say there is nothing overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, blackheads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is penetrating that it strikes to the very root of Eczema or any other serious trouble, the secret of D. D. D. lies in the fact that it is a carefully compounded remedy that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.

D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin and absolutely reliable. A 25 cent bottle will give you positive proof of the wonderful effectiveness of this great remedy. J. Daly.

Good Results Always Follow.

The use of Foley's Kidney Pills.

They are upholding, strengthening and soothing. Tonic in action, quick in results. Johnson & Hill Co. and J. E. Daly.

NEKOOSA.

(From the Times)

During the past four weeks an interesting contest for membership has been going on at the Congregational Sunday school as a result of which there are now over 150 enrolled. Each side is represented on a bulletin board by a ship sailing from San Francisco to Japan, advancing according to the number of members enrolled each Sunday, new members counting 100 points. Attendance counts 15 points and tardiness 5 points.

RUDOLPH

The wrestling match held at Marcellus' hall on Saturday night between Dave Sharkey, the pride of Rudolph, and Bob Fredericks was well attended and an interesting exhibition was given. Fredericks won the first fall in about fifteen minutes of hard work. Sharkey took the second in less than a minute, but lost the third fall in about fourteen minutes. Dave put up a great game, considering that he was outweighed considerably, besides Mr. Fredericks has more knowledge of the fine points of the game. Nic Ratelle stayed the match and it is understood that these same boys will wrestle again Saturday night at Wausau.

Mr. Otto Paul, Milwaukee, Wis., says Foley's Honey and Tar is still more than the best. He writes us, "All those that bought it consider it the best for coughs and colds, the ever had and I think it is still more than that. Our baby had a bad cold and it cured him in one day. Please accept thanks." Johnson & Hill Co. and J. E. Daly.

PITTSVILLE.

(From the Record.)

Chas. Peters is the man who gets the prize offered by Ed Clack last fall for farmers who would raise the greatest number of tons of cabbage on an acre of land. The prize was \$100.00. The number of pounds was 22,540 per acre with M. B. Lowell a close second with 21,760 per acre. Wm. Strope was close third. Wm. Dillman claimed to have raised 36,000 on an acre, but as he was not in the contest he cannot be counted in as a contestants. This is good considering the dry season of the past summer.

Mr. Omholt went to Gifford to visit his boys last week and brought down a fine large deer.

Fred Fitz is laid up with a sore foot this week from being stepped upon by an unruly horse.

Aug. Jacoby has two cousins here looking over the country with a view of locating.

Mrs. Jos. Juseau has had a kitchen put on her house which adds materially to the comfort of the family.

Louis Livernush transacted business in Grand Rapids on Saturday.

George Moulinou came up from Grand Rapids on Saturday to witness the wrestling match and visit at the Winfield Scott home.

George Scott of Shiota has been a guest of his brother, Winfield, the past week.

Leonard Sharkey, a son of Frank Sharkey, shot a large black bear near Stevens Point.

Mrs. John Raynowski visited in Grand Rapids on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Slattery are rejoicing over the advent of a baby girl.

John McCathie, who has been living with Geo. Rivers, moved in his own house last Tuesday.

The many friends of Wm. Slattery and wife who live here, will be glad to learn that Mrs. Slattery is on the gain.

Nick Marceau keeps quite busy running back and forth from Biron to tend to his half as there is something going on every night.

In the wrestling match last Saturday night Dave Sharkey got one out of the three falls, which shows up good for Rudolph.

Jos. Grandshaw and wife will return from Canada about the 20th of December. They will live in Paul Fontaine's house the remainder of the winter.

Anyone having veal calves to sell will do well to let Tony Keyzer know.

There will be a sale at the Walter Cain home Saturday, Nov. 20 at 10 o'clock.

Sick Headache.

This distressing disease results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation.

FOURTEEN MILE CREEK

(Too Late for Last Week.)

The party at the James Jewell home was well attended and all report a fine time.

Miss Violin Rous of Loyal visited at the F. M. Rous home last week.

Andrew Hager and Walter Cain made a business trip to Stevens Point Wednesday.

Israel Jero was a Grand Rapids visitor Wednesday.

Miss Rosa Powers called at the Israel Jero home Wednesday night.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

If you are looking for a fire insurance policy see E. N. Formalville, at 318 Main Street.

Miss Mary Perch has accepted a position as saleslady at Cohen Bros. store.

The Ladies Aid Society of Vesper will hold their annual fair and supper on Friday, Dec. 9.

\$8.88 sale at Johnson & Hill's of adieu coats and suits.

Mrs. M. C. Braumand left on Tuesday for Chicago to be gone a couple of days on a shopping tour.

Attorney C. H. Smith left on Tuesday for Madison where he will spend Thanksgiving with his people.

Attorney Charles E. Briere spent Saturday in Madison where he went to attend the football game.

Frank and Will Weeks departed last week for Hazelhurst where they will be employed in the woods for the winter.

Louis Lyonsdale departed on Tuesday for Green Bay where he will spend Thanksgiving with his daughters.

Doll and Jose White of Stevens Point were in the city on Thursday visiting their friends and looking after some business matters.

Alderman Wm. Pribanow transacted business in the northern part of the state several days the past week for the F. MacKinnon Mfg. Co.

H. T. Foote of Chicago is spending a two weeks vacation with his mother, Mrs. M. Foote. Mr. Foote is employed at the printing trade in Chicago.

The east side Ladies Aid society of the Congregational church will hold an all day session at the home of Mrs. E. W. Ellin on Saturday, November 26th.

Emil F. Polzin of Neillsville was awarded the piano in the contest held by the Lueck Music Co. last week. It is reported that about four hundred took part in the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Hill spent Saturday at Ripon, where they witnessed the game of football between Lawrence and Ripon colleges, which was won by the latter.

The Ladies of Vesper Aid Society have about completed preparations for their annual fair to be given Friday, Dec. 9. Many fancy and useful articles will be on sale.

The county board of Lincoln County passed resolutions at its meeting last week whereby provisions will be made for the establishment of an agricultural experimental station in their county.

Chris Klavens and Gus Dressed of the town of Sigel were pleasant callers at this office on Saturday. Mr. Dressed reports that he shot a fine deer last week in Peter Bohm's field at Seneca Corners.

Sears, Roebuck & Company will divide up \$10,000,000 among the stockholders of the company as the result of the past years business. This is thirty-three and one-third per cent on the common stock. Not a bad investment, I think. Guess they are not giving their customers quite all the profit.

Some statistician has figured it out that the 1,965 saloons in Milwaukee would reach a distance of 14 miles if placed side by side, and remarks that there is no need of a man going thirsty in Milwaukee. Bless your heart, Milwaukee is not the only place where there is no need of a man going thirsty—if he has the price.

Group is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their houses and it has never disappointed them. Sold by all dealers.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudley now claim that he never said he would get married if he was elected. That shows how these republicans keep their campaign promises.

Messrs. Frank Kline, Frank Hannaman and Louis Hahn left on Thursday with three teams for the northern part of the state, where they will work in a lumber camp this winter.

John Schubel purchased the Rossier home on Grand Avenue on Monday of Emil Rossier. It is Mr. Schubel's intention to move the house onto the adjoining lot owned by him on Fourth Avenue S.

The China Town Trunk Mystery at Daly's Theater last Wednesday evening did not draw out a very large house. The acting was good enough, though the play was not the kind that takes well in this community.

The people residing below the Five Mile Creek in the town of Saratoga sprung a surprise on their pastor Rev. H. B. Johnson, Thursday. A large supply of farm produce and a large sum of money were presented him.

Rob Nash returned on Friday from his European trip, where he had spent about two months. Altho Mr. Nash went over to Luxembourg on business, he also visited many places on pleasure and reported a most instructive trip. He was among other places in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, spending his time in observing the customs of the different countries. While he enjoyed the trip very much, he did not see any country which he would prefer to America as a place to reside permanently.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by all dealers.

Mrs. F. P. Daly has several second hand pianos that are in every way as good as new, that she will sell cheap.

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UNABLE TO MOVE.

Helpless With Kidney Trouble But Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

WISCONSIN HAPPENINGS

M. C. Walker, 323 Grand Ave., Columbusville, Ind., says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney complaint and was on the verge of Bright's disease. I was often so helpless I could not move and neighbors two blocks away heard me scream with pain. I had no control over the kidney secretions and the pain in my back was almost unbearable. After several physicians had failed to help me, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon relieved. I have had no return of kidney trouble in five years." Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HER LITTLE JOKE.



Mr. Tellit Wright—Just then a small came up and our boat sail was torn to ribbons.

Miss Kiddor—Ah! I see—a remnant will.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands to cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was barely able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cutlure Soap and Cutlure Treatment. I sent to a drug store and got a can of Cutlure Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only Cutlure my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cutlure Soap and about three boxes of Ointment."

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cutlure Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Shedd, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

Looking After the Eggs.

Lady Betty, who is 4 years old and never misses a trick, was taken the other evening to a restaurant for her supper, and with all the importance and sprightly dignity of her years, calmly ordered poached eggs on toast. While the little family group was awaiting its service the "middle" assumed borrowed by looking out of the window, pressing against a screen to get a closer view of something below. She was warned by her mother that the screen might give way and let her fall on the sidewalk, perhaps injuring her terribly. She drew away, thought a minute, and then said naively: "Would I fall if the screen went out?" "You certainly would," was her mother's reply. "And would I get awful hurted?" "Very likely." Then what would the man do with the eggs?"

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its beauty, there is always something stimulating in the occult life going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 45 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed, met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. It is worth while to live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

Easy Marks.

"Talk about your easy marks," said Uncle Silas Gochaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teewa chaps."

"Did you sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squash-neck.

"Now, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a felier peddlin' artifical ice—he'd th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed of th' chumps didn't buy it for th' real thing, by griss!"

MORE THAN EVER
Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

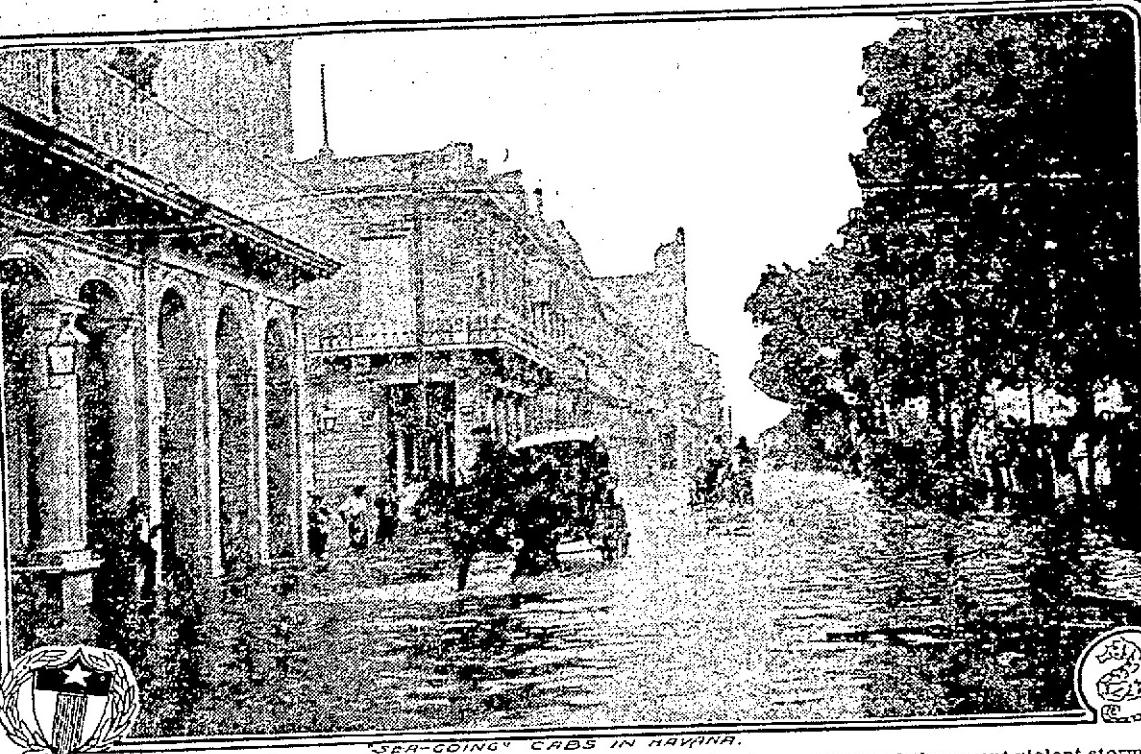
"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation."

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength."

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigs. "There's a reason." Ever read the advertisements? A new one comes from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

STREETS OF HAVANA LIKE RIVERS



HAVANA, CUBA.—This city is only beginning to recover from the disastrous effects of the recent violent storms that swept the entire island. For days the streets of Havana were under water and it was almost impossible for the people to get about in the business part of the city. The "deep-sea-going cab" of slang became a reality, and these vehicles did a rushing business. Many rafts also were constructed on which passengers were conveyed across the flooded thoroughfares.

FEASTS THAT KILL

Horace Fletcher, Arch-Apostle of Hypermastication, Talks.

Details Dire Effects of Christmas Dinners and Thanksgiving Turkeys—Finds That Poor Are Good Eaters.

Chicago.—Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, cranberry sauce and the long list of viands that go with these staple articles have been responsible for more loss of life, energy and ability to the people than all the great battles of history.

Thus does Horace Fletcher, arch-apostle of hypermastication—meaning in plain English, the world's foremost advocate of the theory of thoroughly chewing food—denounce overeating, especially the extent to which the practice is indulged in on national holidays.

Not only that, but the Sunday dinner is more directly blameable for "Blue Monday" than is the proverbial four-cent fare with reduced rates for workmen and school children is wanted.

Madison.—The Wisconsin state commission handed down a decision requiring the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road to provide better passenger train service to New Holstein, in Calumet county, and to improve their depot facilities at that village.

Edu. Claire—Philip Howard of Cheektowaga, a young man in charge of a potato car from Bloomer to Edu. Claire, where she has been since January 23 of this year, Josephine, who is thirty-two years of age, for the last 13 years has been subject to nervous fits, which occurred every few months. She was wanton and was badly burned. He was alone in the car and helpless until the train reached Edu. Claire.

Madison.—After being out 28 hours, a jury in the circuit court, trying a claim for \$3,260 by the meat packing firm of Vette & Zunker, Chicago, against Julius G. Krueger, Madison, its agent, disagreed and was dismissed.

In Crosses—Matt Ruesgen, convicted murderer of John H. Studier, was sentenced by Judge Higbee to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.

The Crosses—Matt Ruesgen, who shot and killed his foreman, John H. Studier, on June 17, following a dispute over wages, was found guilty in the first degree.

Medians.—The largest enrollment of students in the history of the University of Wisconsin is shown by the matriculation, which records 1,903 students in attendance in addition to the 130 dairy students just entered, a total of over 6,000. This number will be swelled by the short course students in agriculture, who come nearly 500 strong for 14 weeks beginning thus far is 407, or over 11 per cent, the largest proportional gain for number of years past.

Marietta.—The coroner's jury gave a verdict that Motorcar Frank Buttrick was not guilty of contributory negligence in the street car accident in which Fred Leitzke was killed. Two women testified that they heard Leitzke's team running on the pavement before the accident happened. The motorcar says the team was running when it dashed into view in front of the car at the street intersection. It is believed that Leitzke's team was running away.

Port Washington—Louis Homann, Cedarburg butcher, charged with killing his son, Carl, twelve years of age, was bound over to the March term of municipal court to stand trial for first degree murder. Hoffman pleaded not guilty. Many persons in Ozaukee county believe Hoffman insane. He is said to have been severely injured in a runaway accident last September and to have acted queerly at times since.

Marietta.—A. E. Schwittay, the baronial district attorney of Marietta county, has been elected to the office of sheriff.

Pond du Lac.—Sixty-two men employed in the roundhouse of the Northwestern road at North Pond du Lac, were laid off for an indefinite period. The layoff was occasioned by lack of business, according to a statement of one of the road officials. About forty men are still employed. A majority of the men laid off are machinists and machinists' helpers.

Mariette.—A charge of manslaughter was lodged against Frank Oman, to be responsible for the death of Rume Rosengren, a member of the local fishers' colony, who died from injuries received in a brawl with Oman.

Madison.—Charles A. Snover, Jr., senator, elected state senator from the district comprising Jefferson and Walworth counties, certified his expense account to be \$126. Richard W. Burke, Manitowoc, Social Democratic candidate for congress in the Eighth district, declared his expenses to be \$29.10.

Chippewa Falls.—Eleven saloonkeepers and bartenders were arrested by Deputy United States Marshal W. T. Pugh and taken before a court commissioner at Eau Claire, a couple of miles away, often making two and three visits a day, the charge being selling liquor to an Indian who visited the city a month ago.

Seifer, a well-known worker at both the Central Young Women's Christian association in Chatham street and the Lawrenceville branch in Butler street in this city.

The girls' rooms are very pretty and each girl has a room to herself. A dainty paper covers the wall, each room being different. On the floor is a pretty light blocked linoleum. There is a white enamel bedstead with dresser and chair, also white, and simple white curtains hang at the windows.

A large open hall from which the stairs winds to the second story, the principal feature of the first floor. There in the early summer and autumn comes on a fire burns in the large fireplace in the evenings, for the east wind makes the evenings and night cool along the north shore. The hall is furnished with plain mission furniture, and after the supper is over and before going to their rooms the girls tell stories or sing.

The dining room, which opens over to the farmhouse from Eagle Rock, the Frick mansion at Prides Crossing, a couple of miles away, often

making two and three visits a day,

so deep an interest does she take in

TAKES MUCH PRIDE IN FARM

There Miss Helen Frick Entertains Groups of Working Girls for Two Weeks' Rest.

Pittsburg.—All summer long groups of girls, everyday girls, have been entertained by Miss Helen Frick in her summer vacation home on the famous north shore. Near the end of a suburban street curving through Beverly, Mass., stands the comfortable farmhouse where this only daughter of Henry Clay Frick has gathered the working girls of many New England cities for a two weeks' vacation.

They have come from the cotton mill towns, from cities where the shoe factories are the chief industries, and from the great carpet factories, all of them working girls of various nationalities. Daily Miss Frick has gone over to the farmhouse from Eagle Rock, the Frick mansion at Prides Crossing, a couple of miles away, often

making two and three visits a day,

so deep an interest does she take in

MADE HIS APOLOGY AMPLE

Irish Legislator Even Withdraws the Words That He Was About to Utter.

There is in congress a western representative of Celtic origin who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.

On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly.

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding with his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to tangle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, an indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"I obey the ruling of the House, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe."

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole House by storm.—Lippincott.

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Fifth Affection Lost Sight Of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympia was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited, his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

"Go 't, 'Lypmice,'" he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for you. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, 'Lypmice!'

When his parent neatly "greased" one of the opposing forwards, the younger expressed approval by bawling "Good for yer, owl 'em," adding proudly to the spectators, "Feyther 'ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get killed before the game's finished."

"I don't care a farret if he does," said the boy.—London Times.

ALL THERE.



Visitor—Do you think that mosquitoes carry malaria?

Farmer—I dunno; they never took any away from here.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapain.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers are subject to stomach trouble.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—This city's efforts to have its name copyrighted has failed, owing to the decision of the register of copyrights in Washington that the city has no legal right to the sole and exclusive possession of its name.

The register of copyrights says in his decision:

"We beg to say we cannot possibly think of any way in which you could secure for the city of Wilkesbarre the exclusive right to its name by any proceedings under the copyright law.

There does not seem to be any principle of law which insures to a city from the state of Texas, and if the same state can produce a man handsome, strong, chivalrous and steady, I may be prevailed upon to change my mind."

Mrs. Donaldson was Miss Evelyn Willis Hunter of Memphis, Tenn. A great beauty, she was much sought after in every city, but the dashing Philadelphia carried off the "million dollar bride," and the wedding took place in New York, April 25, 1906. The couple went to live at the St. Regis.

Differences arose between the young pair, and a separation followed.

Then came the divorce, and Mrs. Donaldson went abroad. She has just returned, with her views of men un-

derstanding.

The case is considered remarkable because the pin had traveled more than fourteen feet through the oesophagus, stomach and bowels without perforating the walls.

In most cases where a pin has been swallowed it has pierced the wall of an intestine and lost itself in the tissues of the body, occasionally causing death.

It was rumored that she was engaged to Robert Dula, but this she denied emphatically. "Why," she declared, "he is only nineteen, just a nice boy, and the brother of my friend, Mrs. Townsend Horner. I shall never marry again."

I returned from abroad the other day, where I met several men, but none approached my ideal of what a husband should be.

"When abroad I studied the continental gentleman and found him away back in the field when it comes to racing with southerners—and especially Texans. He does equal northern men, though, I must admit, the northern men, either easterners or westerners, are not fitted to be husbands. I think every northern father should send his son south for a finishing education in gallantry. He will learn much that will make him fitted for number of years past.

When she fell into the cataleptic Josephine was completely speechless. Now she articulates in a loud voice, the effect of suggestion. Responding to the same influences she sits up without assistance in bed. Under the guidance of the doctor her faculties return little by little. But her muscles have lost their most elementary of movement. Her medical attendant now is working upon the "muscle memory." He believes that presently the dreamer will be called back by a scientific miracle from the limbo where her mind wanders, and in his place will be restored to active life.

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Naples and Pompeii.

Aug. 12, 1910.
By M. H. Jackson.

Ugh! I have just emerged from the sea aquarium and am feeling a little wobbly still, so will sit on a bench in this beautiful little park until I recover.

In that circus of water cages the observer sees the strange menagerie at or above the level of the eye, so the effect is something as it might appear were we at the bottom of the sea with the strange animal life swimming or crawling about us. There are lobsters down there with feelers twenty inches long and with eyes raised on telephone poles. There are old shaws with fins. Here comes an old black slosh hat swimming by means of wave motions of its brim. Sticks of candy with flipper leathers at me as they float by. Long graceful silk ribbons coil about and swim away. There are big fish with monkey faces, swimming billy goats, and animated neckties, all alive and grinning at me. I feel just like the man who saw a giraffe for the first time and exclaimed: "You can't fool me, there is no such animal living!"

Vesuvius

Old Vesuvius is enjoying a little smoke this morning. That rumbling last night was distant thunder. We all thought it was an earthquake. They did shake a little down here while we were in Florence. If the earth here only knew how to stop shaking after it starts, I should like to experience a "slight quake," but from what we hear and from evidence in sight even from this bunch, I am not asking for it. The crater from which is now issuing clouds of smoke and steam, used to be the lower of two openings until the old mountain in a fit of anger blow up scattering the higher portions all around the surrounding country.

Pompeii

The morning train takes us from the station at Naples out past Herculaneum to Pompeii, the cities covered up nearly nineteen centuries ago, and now being excavated. Nothing has ever been discovered that has cast so much light on past generations as the uncovering of Pompeii. Ashes and pumice stone, to a depth of eighteen to twenty feet have preserved perfectly so much that was here that we feel we are living in a past age and meeting people of long ago.

Here are wagon tracks cut into the solid stone street pavements, steps of stone all worn down by foot that walked on them before the fatal year, 79 A. D. There are stone mills that stopped grinding when the ashes choked them down. There are theatres that were occupied on that fatal day. We invade private houses with their wall pictures and decorated floors. In the museums here and at Naples we find bread and cakes taken from ovens that were doing service nineteen centuries ago. A dozen eggs are here that look fresh laid, but which in reality are many centuries older than the oldest we sometimes buy at home. A pocketbook with money in it tells its little story.

The population of Pompeii was probably about 25,000 and all but 2,000 made their escape. On the plaster casts or bodies made in molds of ashes surrounding them may plainly seen the facial expressions preserved from that awful day.

We walk about the streets and think and wonder. We go to church. We go to the theater. We enter the shops. We knock at the doors of homes. We go out to the Roman forum. Every spot has its story. Only a few steps away stands Vesuvius, the accused, who grimly acknowledges his guilt, and threatens more to his own convenient time. Suddenly he gazes on the rain he has wrought, and in imagination, I can hear a guttural sound down deep in his cavernous throat,—a kind of fiendish chuckle over what has been done, and what is yet to be.

Herculaneum is covered more than sixty feet deep in lava,—hard rock, hot ashes and loco pumice stone, and it will be many years before she can be uncovered. Pompeii is being rapidly excavated. More than two-thirds of her streets and buildings are now brought to light, and during this century the work will be entirely completed.

Naples

Old Naples and "New Naples" are two quite different cities. Via Roma might well be taken for Grand Avenue Milwaukee, except that the buildings are not so high, and the stores are small and crowded together. The stores and shops are beautiful and well kept and the street is thronged with vehicles and pedestrians. Just off from such well kept and modern streets, the drive takes us into narrow, vile, ugly streets packed with denizens of the old town. They grin at us, they point at us; they yell at us; they even actually throw missiles at us as we drive through. We are glad we have seen this vile quarter, but we are still more pleased to see the sunshine at the end of that "glimpse of the lower world." "See Naples and die" is a phrase handed out to us by those who have stood on the highest point of San Martino and have looked over the city and out across the beautiful bay; or it may have been said by the observer from the rocky cliffs at Serrano as he gazed from the home of Marion Crawford upon Naples across the bay curving gently as it does around the shores of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It was never said by the poet after a drive through "Old Naples" unless he wished to shut out the horrid scene from his memory forever.

Now we leave Naples by boat, sailing to Sorrento and Capri. Lying flat in our little boat sent out from the steamer at Capri, tossing wildly about under the over-hanging wall of rock, we are pulled into the famous Blue Grotto. Everything is blue inside,—water, boats, persons are as blue as indigo. Drops of liquid blue fly from the plashing car. But you can read a full description of the Blue Grotto elsewhere, and I am very anxious to take you on one of the most wonderful drives in the whole world. From Sorrento, we are to be driven, four in a landau for eighteen

miles through rocks and by sea shores, along steep precipices and between high mountains to Amalfi where we shall spend Sunday, then on to La Cava, another fourteen miles with scenery unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

Amalfi!

Aug. 14.

We are here for Sunday, at this picturesque mountain village, to me the most beautiful and fascinating spot we have visited in all our travels. Longfellow loved this retreat and wrote about it.

"Sweet the memory is to me of a land beyond the sea Where the waves and mountains meet,

Where amid her mulberry trees Sits Amalfi in the heat, Bathing ever her white feet In the tideless summer seas."

The poem is too long for these letters, but the convent spoken of in another stanza is now a hotel, and I am occupying one of its rooms overlooking the Gulf of Salerno and the Mediterranean Sea. From my window, I could drop a pebble into the road one hundred fifty feet below, and I am quite sure I could throw a stone down the mountain side into the sea. Our hotel is built on a ledge of rock that would do well for an eagle's eyrie. To get here we walked up hundred steps.

The little village is built up the mountain side, the houses being reached by means of stairways of solid rock. Above us loom the perpendicular cliffs of jagged rocks with tiny little ledges upon which are growing olive, orange and lemon trees filled with fruit. Our meals are served in a garden completely covered with grapevines, hanging heavy with large clusters. "This is an enchanted land," wrote Longfellow whose picture hangs in one of the parlors of this hotel.

Down below, the fishermen are spreading out their nets to dry after a night of hard work. They are happy and their wives and children are flitting about helping them in getting their morning work out of the way. From their appearance, I believe that they have unladed a good catch, but that was done before I was awake this morning.

Tomorrow we continue our drive to Lativa, and from there we go by train to Brindisi where the steamer Athene is waiting for us to begin our five day cruise in Greek waters.

Apples.

—Just received a car of fine apples. Among the barrelled goods are York Imperials, Baldwins from \$4.75 to \$5.25 a barrel. Also extra fancy apples in boxes, including White Bananas, (a new variety) Johnnisons and York Imperials at from \$2.75 to \$3.25 a box. Johnson & Hill Grocery Department.

VALUABLE PRIZES FOR CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE

Precious aggregating several thousands of dollars in value are offered by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association for the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals. This year, Nov. 28th, and again on December 25th closing at midnight, Dec. 24th. The list of prizes includes a reward for cities, towns, villages, schools, lodges, individuals, with a special prize for Catholic parochial schools. The awards will be based on per capita sale, giving every one an equal opportunity to win.

To the city of 2,000 population the highest sale according to publication will be awarded an \$800 Henning piano, donated by the F. G. Smith Piano Co., of Milwaukee.

One \$50 salaried street drinking fountain will be awarded to the city or village of 1,000 population or over in each congressional district. The eleven fountains are donated by James B. Clark & Co. of Chicago.

Complete equipment for an open-air school will be awarded to the city of 15,000 population or over making the highest per capita sale.

The University Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin will give three lecture courses to be awarded to the three cities or villages under 1,000 population making the highest per capita sale.

To the two cities of 8,000 to 55,000 population making the highest per capita sale will be given one month's services of a visiting nurse in the order of their sale.

John M. Johnson of the town of Rudolph was among the callers at the Tribune office on Tuesday. Mr. Johnson recently brought in a large hog which he sold to the Reinland Packing Company for the price of \$42.25, the animal weighing something over 600 pounds.

The new house being erected by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Swain on the west side was broken into on Monday evening. While nothing was taken from the building, the visitor, whoever he was, broke the glass in the door in making his entry, and scattered the tools belonging to the carpenter about the place. Mrs. Swain is of the opinion that the depredation was committed by persons living here in the city.

A twenty-cent tuberculosis exhibit is offered to the local anti-tuberculosis society in order to make the highest per capita sales.

An concert size phonograph and twelve choice records are offered to the incorporated village of 1,000 population or under making the highest sale according to publication.

For rural schools there is offered a prize of \$50 salaried drinking cups and cup cases. The rural schools, making the highest per capita sale, based on the enrollment during the month of November will receive the prize.

Every boy and girl in rural schools and state graded schools of the first and second class who sell 500 Christmas Seals will receive two complete books on "Health" and "The Body and Its Defenses" of the Galick Hygiene Series.

The special prize for Catholic parochial schools consists of \$100 worth of books selected by the winner from the stock of the M. H. Wittman Co., Milwaukee. The school making the highest per capita sale based on the average sales made during November, will be adjudged winner.

Finest eating apples at Johnson & Hill Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sparr and son of Marshfield are expected here to spend Thanksgiving day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Miller.

Mrs. Bert Smith of Sherry was operated on at the hospital Monday by Drs. Ed Hogen of Pittsfield and Dr. Hougen of this city. The patient was a delicate one and the patient is said to be getting along nicely.

The Nash bunch of deer hunters returned from the north on Monday, every member of the party having a seal is a neat and handsome sticker to convey holiday greetings. Every piece of mail, packages, gifts and bundles should bear a seal.

NEW HARNESS SHOP!

I have opened up a harness store and repair shop the Taylor & Scott building opposite Johnson & Hill Co. Dry Goods store. I have a complete line of harnesses, saddletries, etc., sold a share of your patronage.

I do repairing of all kinds; have a modern outfit and guarantee my work. My prices are reasonable.

JOHN NILLES, PROPRIETOR

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

—\$8.83 sale of Misses' coats at Johnson & Hill's store.

Mrs. I. Barnach spent Sunday with relatives in Wausau.

Arthur Podavitz was a Wausau visitor over Sunday.

Ben Hansen transacted business in Marshfield on Monday.

Frank Abel returned on Friday from business trip to Chicago.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grain at the south side last week.

Harry Powell of Coloma is visiting his friends about town, a few days this week.

—Don't miss the Thanksgiving dance by the F. R. A. on Thursday evening.

Lloyd Moore, clerk at the Hotel Dixon, is seriously ill at his home with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kruger spent Sunday at Wausau guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Gross.

Ryland Boorman, who is attending the University at Madison, is home for Thanksgiving.

Twin girls were born to Mr. and Mrs. Claus Larson of the town of Stratford on Monday.

Horace Smith of Osage, Iowa, is in the city a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Reichel.

Miss Agnes Mulroy departed on Saturday for Yates, Montana, where she will spend the winter with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Boorman of Touah are guests at the home of their son, Dr. G. A. Boorman over Thanksgiving.

Auton Kobza and wife of the town of Sigel departed on Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Milwaukee and Chicago.

Roy Germannson has resigned his position at Church's drug store and expects to enter Marquette college December first.

Mrs. Esther Reed returned to her home after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. M. Adam.

There was a surprise party at the Joe Patrick home Sunday evening, those who were present report a good time.

There was a party at the home of A. Yesko Saturday evening in honor of Miss Celia Yesko's birthday.

Miss Jenie Beuph spent Sunday with Miss Nettie Eladilok.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Pelot of Sherry attended the party at the A. Yesko home Saturday evening.

We had quite a snow storm Sunday afternoon. We'll have nice sleighing Thanksgiving.

ARPIN

Mrs. James Mercer and children arrived over Sunday with relatives at Johnson & Hill's.

Dr. T. B. Gould of Cary, Ill., formerly of this place, visited friends here the fore part of the week.

Miss Mary LaVigne spent Saturday at her home in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Rudolph Grabiowska very pleasantly entertained a few lady friends at her home Friday afternoon, the occasion being her birthday anniversary. She also served a delectable supper.

Ed Morris has been at Grand Rapids this week attending county board meetings.

The surprise party at W. J. Mam's was largely attended, the guests coming from Arpin, Vesper and all the neighboring towns.

It seems our teacher, Miss Johnson is not of the fast kind. We heard she missed the train Friday. Too bad the boys are slow also. We old fellows can remember the time when "the schoolman" wouldn't have missed the train, going so late in the morning. Mrs. Grönemeyer of Germantown also missed her train at 5:27 a. m. Monday morning but that's pretty early.

The party at the John Kirts home was a grand success also some came late. Everyone reports a fine time.

Goo. Ladlow bought a young mare from Mr. Lowell for \$150. Horses will remain high and cows can't be bought at any price in any large numbers.

Now is a fine time to get up firewood. There is enough snow for sleighing in the woods and not too much.

Mr. Grönemeyer is cutting corn stalks for the neighbors which will be to their feeding value.

Lance back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by all dealers.

SIGEL

Mrs. Will Brostowitz returned home after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. M. Adam.

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THE DAIRY COW

The dairy cow does more than bring financial success to the dairy farmer. She makes him a better citizen than he would otherwise be. Her influence upon home conditions is a most pleasant contribution to those factors which are responsible for the character and condition of the farm homes of today.

Thousands of these homes are now characterized by comfort and happiness where formerly they were blighted by drudgery and unhappiness.

Better financial conditions have contributed to this change, and the dairy cow has been in no small measure responsible. She has contributed to this change in many ways.

The dairy cow is a source of kindness. Her owner soon learns that only by treating her kindly can he receive the highest possible returns from her, and she responds quickly from kind words and proper care.

Her disposition is one that the human family might well emulate.

She is patient and forgiving, accepting with pleasure the arrangements made by her owner for carrying on the dairy business, striving at all times to repay him for every effort made for her care and comfort.

The members of the family, as they come in contact with her and her kindly disposition, are influenced for good. As they appreciate the financial benefits of the dairy cow, so will they take a deeper interest in her. In doing so they unconsciously cultivate those qualities which make them better citizens.

The dairy cow—the prototype of man's best friend—is wielding a greater influence than she is usually credited with. She has always been found in the front ranks of civilization, and no agricultural industry can longer prosper without her. She is a potent factor in the upbuilding of such a country, financially and socially, and wise people will appreciate her and encourage the industry of which she is the foundation.

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